

Anderson

Santa Cruz, Cal. }
Oct. 13th 1877. }

Prof Asa Gray,

My Dear Friend,

I was in hopes you would not be hurried so much, and that you might find time for a few days at Santa Cruz. It is true the season was unfavorable for Botanical work, but the trees are always fresh and interesting. I had nothing new however to offer you. For some reason I had no chance to even write you, so that your movements were nearly all executed before I knew what they would be. I might have looked across to Monterey, or possibly run around and shaken hands with you, but you were gone like a beautiful dream before I awoke to a reality of your presence so near. This everlasting

hurry takes away so much of
the pleasure of life. But then,
"Art is long and life is short" and
we must hurry through. So we
grow older the work accumulates
and overcomes us with its mag-
nitude. Of the great field before us,
-widened beyond the reach of mortal
eye, and lengthened away into eternity,
we can only take up a little flower
here and there, and by and by
the sun goes down and the land-
scape fades from our sight and
we look upward at the stars as
we wend our way across the dark
valley, guided by one little glimmering
star away in the distance, which
we can only see by the eye of
Faith - hoping all the while that
somewhere and sometime a bright
day shall dawn, and that little
star will become a sun, and the
landscape shall glow with a
lustre never seen on this little

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sphere of ours! — But I am wandering
a little beyond the domain of science —
where Tyndall would call the "region of
theory" and of which he would speak
as "a mere figment of the intellect" — "a
theoretic conception".

I trust ere this you have safely
arrived at home and with your
good wife are enjoying the rest
and retrospection of your long trip.

I read Lammor's letter in the Rural
Press of a visit with you and Dr.
Hooker in the Sierras (near my
old home at Carson) with much
interest.

I ^{hope} you may have time some
day to write me or letter, or
at least should you publish any-
thing let me have the pleasure
of seeing it.

I am still quietly worked
at Algae and other little things
at Santa Cruz.

I have heard nothing from

Dr. Farlow directly for 2 or 3 months
I understand he is not going on
the Woodruff Expedition and that
he is up somewhere in Maine.

My wife joins me in very kind
regards to self and Mrs. Gray.

Ever fraternally yours &c.
C. L. Anderson